

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



Volume  
XLI

1945

Number  
2

# PROVISIONAL CONCERT FIXTURES

SUMMER TERM, 1945

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It is hoped to keep to the following scheme, although it must be understood that under present conditions it may be necessary to alter or cancel any Concert *even without notice*.

## First Week

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Second Week

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, at 5 p.m.  
Recital

## Third Week

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, at 5 p.m.  
Recital or Chamber Concert

## Fourth Week

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Fifth Week

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

\*THURSDAY, MAY 31, at 5 p.m.  
First Orchestra

## Sixth Week

TUESDAY, JUNE 5, at 5 p.m.  
Second Orchestra

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Seventh Week

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Eighth Week

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

†\*THURSDAY, JUNE 21, at 5.30 p.m.  
Opera Repertory

## Ninth Week

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Tenth Week

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, at 5 p.m.  
Chamber Concert

## Eleventh Week

†\*WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY,  
JULY 11 and 12, at 5.30 p.m.  
"Midsummer Night's Dream"

## Twelfth Week

TUESDAY, JULY 17, at 5 p.m.  
Second Orchestra

\* Tickets are required for these concerts.

† Owing to limited space in the theatre subscribers are asked to apply for *one ticket only* for June 21, and in the case of July 11 and 12 to say on which day they wish to attend and whether they will require one or two tickets.

H. V. ANSON, Registrar.



# THE R·C·M MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL

No. 2

## EDITORIAL

A little after the date of the foundation of the Royal College of Music—to be exact, in the year 1889—a wise man, who has never quite received the fame and gratitude he deserved, wrote a book called “Civilisation: its Cause and Cure.” And it is a book which might well be taken down from its shelf and studied at this moment, when we are all agreed that we must find fresh foundations and new channels of expression for the aims and aspirations of the world, if they are to rise again from the dead.

To Edward Carpenter, *Civilisation per se* was not an undesirable thing, though at first sight his witty title might well give that impression. His contention was that the world of his time seemed to have conceived of civilisation as an ideal to which we should ultimately attain “by a sufficiently long course of top hats and telephones”: to have become so inured to the ubiquity of ugliness, dishonesty, intolerance, and all the manifold forms of what he called “disease,” that good health had come to mean nothing more than a mere absence of noticeable illness. Pressed to point out just one really original contribution which had been made to the world in a couple of thousand years by civilisation, as it was then understood, his answer was “the policeman”—the watchdog whose business it is to see that, under pains and penalties, human beings should perform at least the minimum of their social duties.

In the re-charting of the new world that must follow the War there will be many forms of reconstruction in which we musicians, *qua* musicians, will have little to say. Our opinions on, say, the Beveridge Report are of no more value than those of our greengrocer or chimney sweep. But the real chances of a better world being built at all depend, not on Act of Parliament, but on imponderable changes in the heart of man; and to bring about such changes is the true and only function of the Artist—by whom we mean any and every human being who dedicates himself to Beauty, Truth and Goodness. Our bounden duty, as musicians, is to wage a constant and eager war against the second-rate; but we shall be poor specimens of *homo sapiens* (and incidentally less valuable as musicians) if we confine our efforts to our Art. According to Carlyle, the greatest service any man can do to his generation is to see something clearly, and then to spend his life in the attempt to translate and express it. He may be wrong, but he must not be dumb; and if he remembers always that his opponent is under the same compulsion then he will discover, as years bring wisdom, that antagonism in ideas, instead of breeding bitterness and animosity, is the only source of fertility and progress.

It is more than a little difficult for the Editor of such a Magazine as this to discover what its readers—by whom is meant principally the students of the Institution—expect or desire to find in its pages. It has to be, actually, a Chronicle of Events, and as such has, in its own small way, some value as a record. But it might also be a forum of contemporary opinion. In this issue a present student has been brave enough to try to put into words some of the things his generation are thinking about. May the hope be expressed that some of his fellow students will be spurred into accepting his challenge, and will flatter him by imitating his courage.

## DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS

SUMMER TERM, 1945

Some of you have no doubt heard a rumour that it is becoming less easy to enter this College. The rumour is true, and I want to-day to tell you, and to tell the old students who will read this address, why we have lately made our entrance examination more searching.

One reason is financial. We receive a substantial annual grant from the Treasury, and this grant is given to us in order that we may retain and enforce a high standard of work and achievement. It enables us to choose our students more competitively. And this is only just, because in addition to the large number of scholars who pay nothing, our paying students also cost a great deal more than the fees they pay. We are therefore essentially a school for the talented, and those who come here must show special aptitudes. This does not mean that every student must be a virtuoso, but it does mean that every student must be a really promising musician. That is why we test all candidates thoroughly both in their practical work and in their theoretical knowledge.

But there is another and more urgent reason why we must now limit our numbers. The war in Europe has ended. Before very long demobilisation will begin, and there are, among our past students now serving in the Forces and elsewhere, a great many whose studies were interrupted by the war and who will need at the very least a refresher period to recover their lost time and technique. Of Scholars alone, we have scores whose scholarships were cut short by conscription. Their claims must come before all others, and we are hoping to guarantee, for all such Scholars whose time here was only two years or less, at least one free year when they are released from service.

There is also a large number of serving students who, though they have not quite so strong a claim as our Scholars, yet in many cases have fine talents which they will wish to exercise and develop again. We must do our best for them, too, though we may not be able to take them all without some degree of selection.

There is also a third large class of young musicians, who had finished their course here only shortly before the war, and who have been serving the country in other ways instead of starting a normal professional career. Many of these feel rusty, forgotten, and depressed about their future. We must help these, too, as far as we can.

Finally, we cannot shut our doors to the younger generation who are now emerging from their school-days, and are hoping to come here if they have the necessary talent and promise. We shall need these also in the musical future of the nation.

You will see, therefore, how formidable is the problem with which we are faced, if we are to do justice to all these claims, and particularly to those arising from the wastage and personal self-sacrifice of war service. We have past students who have been for years war-prisoners in Europe, and some who may yet for some time be prisoners in the Far East. They, most of all, will need rehabilitation and encouragement, for they have had neither the stimulus of action nor the tonic of victory.

It follows inevitably from these circumstances that we must keep a substantial proportion of our available places free for these returning scholars and students. Our total numbers are strictly limited by our building, organisation, and staff. We cannot take an unlimited flood of students without spoiling the whole range and quality of the education we try to give, and this would damage the prospects of all our students, old and new.



We are therefore deliberately restricting our present entries, and our policy will not stop there. New students will not only have to earn their entry, but all students will have to continue to earn their places in the College. We shall probably have to set limits to the upper age of students, and to the length of time they are allowed to remain. This may mean some kind of selection or competition within the College itself. We may have to lay down quite definite standards which a student must reach within a certain time. Only so may it be possible to make vacancies for those whose education has been so severely curtailed by the war, and who have borne for us all the main dangers and hardships of the fight.

I am sure you will all agree that what I have thus roughly outlined is as near to broad fairness and justice as we can get, in circumstances so urgent and complicated. I am also sure that you, the fortunate ones who are enjoying chances denied to so many by no fault of their own, will make the most of your opportunities, will develop and qualify yourselves as speedily and thoroughly as possible, and then cheerfully and thankfully make room, both for those who have lost these unhappy years of war, and for the younger generation which is always knocking at our doors.

## AMERICAN TOUR

By RALPH NICHOLSON

As I stood on the cliffs of Santa Monica, towards the end of January—though it might have been an English summer's day early in June—gazing for the first time at the blue Pacific, with its long dignified rollers, undisturbed by any breakwaters, curling over and catching the glint of the morning sun as they pounded on to the shore, this "bombardment" being the only disturbance of this peaceful and picturesque scene—someone handed me a letter which had been forwarded on to me. It was from the Editor, requesting an article for the R.C.M. Magazine, if I felt like chronicling some of my more recent experiences. I realised then that I was taking part in probably one of the most unusual and interesting war-time ventures that had been conceived. And since music was one of the chief features—though by no means the end-all—of this tour, I felt that some account of this unique undertaking should reach the pages of the Magazine.

The story begins with a talk, at the Quebec Conference, between General H. H. Arnold, head of the U.S. Army Air Forces, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff, who decided that an exchange visit of goodwill between the A.A.F. Band from Washington and the R.A.F. Band would be a good thing. Accordingly the Central Band and R.A.F. Symphony Orchestra combined (105 players in all), under Wing Commander R. P. O'Donnell, set out for the U.S.A. at the end of November, while, as many readers will probably remember, the U.S. Band began their tour of this country (and Scotland) with a concert at the Albert Hall just before Christmas. And while our American friends were being shown round London in a thick fog, we were getting our land-legs in the crisp, clean air of Washington, D.C.—and endeavouring to cross the road without giving ourselves a headache and street car drivers heart failure. (How difficult it was to adjust oneself to one's own traffic slogan: "Look left first, right second—and look out all the time!") Incidentally, an Englishman can always be recognised in the U.S.A. as he is the only one who will cross the street anywhere than at the official crossings!

The tour itself—extending over nearly four months—consisted, on the musical side, of concerts for the troops (we stopped at 27 different Air Force Installations in 18 States), which included hospitals and Redistribu-

tion Centres—where men who had served overseas were given a period of rest with their families in congenial surroundings. We also gave, at a considerable number of the larger cities, public concerts in their enormous "Auditoriums" (often holding up to 12,000 people), where admission was by sale of a War Bond only. (This often cost as much as \$25.)

On the social side, which was considered just as important as the musical, and gave us a better chance of getting to know our kindly hosts, we found ourselves pretty well organised, whether it was for a party, dance, official reception by the Governor of the State, or merely a tour of the city by the charming ladies of the American Red Cross. (So full were some of our days—our record was four concerts in one day—that on one occasion we had a dance arranged for us, with hostesses from the local University, from 10-12 in the *morning*!).

By Christmas the tour had got under way and we found ourselves at Atlantic City, where there was still ample evidence of the hurricane which hit it last autumn. Already we had discovered that the Americans can't make tea, that they imagine it is always raining in England, that our accent fascinated them ("We love to hear you fellers talk!"), and what an egg "sunnyside up" meant! And it was not long, realising how little our wives had had in the way of luxury goods during these long and dreary years, before the great quest for "51 gauge" stockings began. And the photographers of the unit, who all seemed to carry the same sized camera, began devising means of tracking down all available "120" films.

Keeping to the Eastern States and travelling south, we eventually found our greatcoats were beginning to lose their usefulness and merely adding to our burdens (which were inclined to increase in weight everywhere we stopped). We had entered the sub-tropical zone. It was a great thrill to run into the country which had inspired so much of the music of Delius—the orange groves of Florida.

By January 1st we were able to bathe in the sea at Miami Beach while New York, hundreds of miles up the same coast line, was having one of the worst blizzards in its history. What a sight for sore eyes were the fruit stores, packed tight with oranges, pineapples, and grapefruits! We certainly appreciated our week's stay here—though some of the band had to travel in a very rough sea in a 300-ton river steamer to the Bahamas, where they played, before the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, to R.A.F. personnel stationed there—for later on we found stops of only two or three days in a place were very tantalising. Just as we were beginning to like a city or know people living there, we would move on to the next place.

Much of our travelling was by night, and the slight discomfort of sharing sleeping berths and the "jolt propulsion" method of starting (and stopping) trains by some of the engine drivers—who of necessity were using engines of considerable vintage—rather kept one on tender hooks, so to speak.

We travelled up Florida again, via Palm Beach, and into Alabama—the perfect weather we had at Montgomery made it difficult to conceive the tornado which later in our tour hit this city, killing at least 34 people—and it was here that we were reminded of the hazards which attend the preliminaries which go into the making of a pilot, before he ever sees combat, when we visited the graves of R.A.F. men killed in training.

Then into the State of Texas—three times the size of England and Scotland together. Here we felt we had reached the centre of America and found it strange to meet people who had never been out of this State or had ever set eyes on an Englishman before. A sense of responsibility struck us, both as "ambassadors of goodwill" and as musicians. But



it was something of a thrill to present English music probably for the first time—Elgar, as ever, having the warmest reception. And always we were gratified by the enthusiastic audiences.

In a unit which combined Military Band and Orchestra it is inevitable that one cannot present a completely satisfactory programme, but, on the other hand, since the audiences were very large (we played to about 200,000 people altogether), we were able to provide something to please most tastes. And we frequently found people were impressed with the precision of the band and the quality of the string tone. And when the two combined forces for a work such as Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue, the large force employed and the size of the buildings we played in seemed to add rather than detract from the monumental structure of that much-performed but nevertheless great work. Other works which received a good many performances and have their associations with the College were Sullivan's Overture "Di Ballo" and Benjamin Britten's suite "Matins Musicales" for Orchestra, and Holst's two fine suites for Military Band.

Before reaching Texas we had had a whole day in New Orleans, with no music—apart from the U.S. Military Band which marched us through the main street to an official lunch party. After a rather dull trip down the Mississippi and a glimpse at the unique French Quarter of the city, I got into touch for the first time on this tour with an Old Collegian, Ferdinand Dunkley. Unfortunately, we were not able to meet as he had to play the organ at a wedding—at 8 p.m.!

From Texas we had our longest train journey—49 hours—to Phoenix, Arizona. And I shall never forget that wonderful sunset over the desert, and the sunrise the following morning, as we wended our way to the breakfast car, heralding another cloudless day. In spite of the bareness of the desert, with its incredible cacti—and we saw none of the summer colourings—there was something rather fine and appealing about it all, the mountains beyond reminding one of a mixture of Scotland and Switzerland.

After so much flat, dull, brown country it was definitely a relief to reach California and see again the "green of England"—which we had missed so much—and really beautiful scenery. The climate, too, was reminiscent of home—the better side of our climate! By now we had become used to, and anticipated, the much-asked questions: "How d'you like it over here? What do you think of our country? How long have you been over here?" etc. And we had begun to know the sort of things that they wanted to know about us, the effect of the war on this country, things that still surprised them—they always found it difficult to believe we only had one egg per month (perhaps)—and we did our best to describe the effect of the flying bombs without exaggerating the results yet also without under-estimating their beastliness. And on all sides we found a genuine desire to know more about us and our country—they could not pick up a great deal from their newspapers—and always we were received with the utmost friendliness and with a show of generosity which was sometimes almost embarrassing.

We had several days near Hollywood and were taken on visits to various studios where films were in production—we saw the incredibly realistic outdoor English scene used for the film "Mrs. Miniver"—and were able to compare the Sound studios with our own, though unfortunately not in action. Here we ran up against more Collegians, or those closely associated with the R.C.M. There was Warwick Evans, of the London String Quartet, at whose lovely house in Beverley Hills several of us enjoyed hospitality. And Anthony Collins, now sporting an "imperial" like another conductor we all know, who was writing and conducting music for films, but shortly returning to England to write the music for a

new Wilcox production. We also met John Pennington of the L.S.Q.

From Los Angeles we turned north and reached our furthest point from home—the beautiful city of San Francisco. Then followed two days of wonderful scenery as the train took us through the Rockies (at one point we reached a height of 10,000 feet) to Salt Lake City, and on to Denver, Colorado. After this the countryside was less interesting, though there was always something of fresh interest in each city, when we had time to go into it.

We passed on to Chicago, "the windy City" (though they are *not* windy about gangsters any longer!), where it was comparatively mild, having only recently had below zero temperatures. (We had been keeping just behind all the really severe weather.) Then to St. Louis, where we caught up the winter again. The day before we arrived it was 74 degrees in the shade, and the day after 27 degrees! And it was here, at a magnificent tea party before our public Sunday concert, reminiscent of one of the Union's pre-war parties, that we had our first real English cup of tea!

Two more stops and we had completed the circle and arrived back at Washington, which we always looked on as our "home" over there. As had been said to us by so many G.I.s, "Gee, I guess you've seen far more of the States than I shall ever get to see," so we felt that but for the war we should never have had this wonderful chance. Many were the kind things said to us, whether it was in an official letter of welcome or a spontaneous vote of thanks after a concert. The following is a passage from a welcoming letter from the Commanding Officer of an Air Field in Texas: "The progress of this war has been marked by many official visits between leaders of our two great nations—meetings which will take their place in world history when the story of civilisation's struggle against tyranny is recorded for coming generations. Those meetings cemented more closely the strong ties already existing between this nation and your beloved homeland, Britain. It is my hope that this visit of the R.A.F. Band to Sheppard Field will be another milestone of understanding along the road which your countrymen and ours must travel together to ensure victory and to keep the peace."

Before we left for home, having given about 70 concerts and travelled in all some 22,000 miles—our last big concert, apart from one War Bond Concert at the Waldorf Astoria, New York, being given before a distinguished and representative audience in the Constitution Hall, Washington—there was still the *pièce de resistance* of the whole tour—nearly a fortnight in New York. We had only caught a glimpse of it on our arrival, but this was worth waiting for.

No efforts were spared by the Air Force Club in Fifth Avenue to see that we were continuously entertained. We heard the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Bruno Walter (what a memorable performance of Brahms's First Symphony!), and during the interval at his rehearsal, Mr. Walter, instead of resting, insisted on coming down the hall "to talk to the boys from England." How delighted he seemed to see us and to talk of England, a land obviously very much after his own heart, and his hopes of coming here again when things are a bit more normal. We went to the Metropolitan Opera (*Aïda*), we heard two concerts by the N.B.C. Orchestra under Dr. Sargent, the second one being an all-British affair (Ireland's "London" Overture, Walton's Viola Concerto (soloist, William Primrose), and Holst's Ballet Music to "The Perfect Fool"). We met Antonio Brosa and Felix Salmond—the latter took part in a broadcast performance of Brahms's Double Concerto with a young violinist, Joan Field, while we were there—and another more recent Collegian, now married and living in Philadelphia, Peggy Blythe.



Lastly there was something the present writer will not easily forget—a private party for the string players at the beautiful house of Mr. and Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin, at which Fritz Kreisler was one of the guests!

A truly great country in every sense of the word, and let it be hoped that one of our post-war resolves shall be to facilitate and cheapen travel, for the finest way to get to know another country is to meet its countrymen in their own homes.

Before the A.A.F. Band departed from these islands for America we had a (very excellent) farewell dinner at Uxbridge. And the words of their Director of Music, Captain Howard, in reviewing their tour, are worth quoting: "It is still incredible to me that not only was this exchange visit of our two bands thought of, but that the project has actually taken place. When two great countries such as England and America can, in the midst of the greatest war in history, consider the need of keeping alive culture in this way, then I think there is some hope for the world."

It may be of interest to state that the R.C.M. was well represented on this tour, the following being the "Royal Collegians Abroad":—

George Chitty, Norman del Mar, Gerald Emms, John Hollingsworth, Leonard Isaacs, Cecil James, John Macpherson, James E. Merrett (Jnr.), Ralph Nicholson, Jack Page, W. Payne, J. Harvey Phillips, Richard Walthew and James Whitehead.

## PAGES FROM AN ENSA DIARY

### FRANCE, BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

By SUSAN RICHMOND

NOVEMBER 13TH, 1944.

Extraordinary, we really are off. No use fussing any more over last odds and ends that someone says one simply *must* take. Anyway, there's no room. I'm sitting on my bunk, still in port, 9 p.m. I'm just coming out of a coma, due to having hastily gulped my seasick tablets as soon as I got on board—"To be taken an hour before you expect to need them." That was at 2 p.m., and here we still are. But I can feel the engines throbbing, hear bells ringing, sailors tramping. . . . Just been on deck. The night is very dark, except for the white light of an acetylene welder where an invasion barge is being repaired. It shows up a livid green and streaky patch of camouflage, and beyond, dimly, a row of ugly square-nosed barges. We are sliding away from the shore and creeping out to the rendezvous where we meet our escort. Now we are turning, our faces towards France. Dear-ly-loved France, at last I'm on my way again.

NOVEMBER 15TH.

Just been wandering round Rouen. It is a sorry sight. From the distance the spires and towers of the Cathedral and St. Ouen stand gloriously, but when you get close you find they are only skeletons and the whole interior is gutted. I was told this happened when the Germans demolished the municipal buildings just behind the Cathedral. The Quay is a shambles. Just across the last bridge the Germans had left to escape by is the massed wreckage of two thousand of their vehicles. We bombed the lot. There are hardly any young people about—they have been deported. Six separate times on this walk I have been stopped and greeted with smiling welcome by all sorts of people, from children to a very tired old labourer. I believe we must be the first Englishwomen in khaki they have seen. Perhaps they think I'm a sniper. Some soldiers told me they had great trouble with a deadly accurate sniper in a ruin, and when they had finally almost blown

the place to smithereens out strolled a young woman with her bag under her arm, powdering her nose. She was sent over to England as a prisoner—in the captain's cabin . . .

The NAAFI hostel is a rambling, gimcrack old house and very cold. But a most efficient young welfare officer has done wonders in the ten days since she was installed. A wood fire blazed in the dining room when we arrived, though even her determination had failed to make the other fires draw. My room has come straight out of a French farce, enormously high and ornate, with doors and windows in every direction. The only furniture is one small camp bed, where I sleep flattened out under a pile of heavy black blankets.

NOVEMBER 16TH.

Played at Dieppe (30 miles in a lorry). A pity we can't play here more than two nights; only half the troops will be able to get in. They queued for hours on the two nights before we arrived, not knowing that our boat had been delayed by bad weather. We were severely ticked off for this in the streets, which was hard to bear, as we'd been ready to sail for a week but couldn't get across.

NOVEMBER 17TH.

Played in the Cirque at Rouen, a vast, gloomy and filthy place. An American negro band played hot jazz in the intervals. Joyce (Barbour) was asked to make a point of thanking them in her little speech at the end of the show, which she did charmingly. We were rewarded with a remarkable version of God Save the King. I thought it was merely the result of every instrument (brass) electing to play in a different key, but I was told by one who knew that it was just a jazz translation. It ended on a something or other sixth, and it was very hard to stand to attention for it.

NOVEMBER 18TH.

Paris. I find myself taking deep breaths and feeling emotional. So lovely to be here and no longer cut off from the French. I rang up L. and H. at once and they came round to the hotel. L.'s hair was turned almost snow white. I am not surprised, as they have been connected with the underground movement all the time. They never knew who would be sleeping at their house any night. The Gestapo always pounced after dark, when they thought they would catch people in their homes, with the result that everyone liable to arrest or deportation took care never to be at home at night. L. has an uncle, a Jewish doctor, who worked among the poor of Paris throughout the occupation, and was never found by the Germans. Unluckily, he also couldn't be found when L. had a baby nine months ago, and he was looking after her. For a long time before she had been buying condensed milk in the black market for the baby at £1 a tin. At one time they had nothing at all to eat except swedes.

NOVEMBER 20TH.

I seem to be having most of my meals with L. and H. It's no good telling them my meals are provided at the hotel; they insist, and I can't hurt their pride. The first dinner was awful—a beautifully cooked dish of meat was handed to me, and I knew it must be the whole week's ration, but had to take some. It stuck in my throat. However, to-day I asked for my meat ration from the hotel (some of the staff are French), and they gave me a whacking great joint which I carried round in triumph. It caused a sensation. The average dinner with them consists of soup (veg.), a dish of beautifully served cabbage, followed by decorative mashed potato, followed by ingeniously cooked apple, followed by ersatz coffee. They nearly wept over the tea, coffee, soap, etc., I brought for them.



We went to a *matinée* at the *Atelier* in Montmartre. "Antigone," a modern version of the Greek, faultlessly acted and put on with genuine simplicity, from inability to procure any of the usual theatrical accessories. The house was packed with people of the humbler sort. They sat spellbound for one and a half hours with no interval. They go to theatre with the right idea. Afterwards we rose in the social scale and had tea at Rumpelmeyer's. We had about half what a rather mean hotel in England provides, and I dread to think what the bill must have been. The French are not queue-minded. If you can't get a table (and of course you can't) you hover over a likely looking one, and almost before the occupant gets up it's musical chairs and devil take the hindmost; whoever's behind gets there first, wins.

## NOVEMBER 22ND.

French ingenuity and artifice is undefeatable. They have been making the most fascinating jewellery, mostly with plastic and china. We spend hours gazing in the shop windows. I'm longing for the moment when I'm sick of the sight of the things and don't want them any more. We are very rightly forbidden to buy clothes or food. The very few woollen garments are prohibitive, and nearly all materials are wretched, with lovely work put into them. Shoes all wood-soled, but how well the French wear them. They set their feet as daintily as cats. The hats are staggering. L. says they started making very high hats because they knew the German women wouldn't know how to put them on (even the French hardly do). Then they found the Germans were annoyed at the waste of material—yards of stuff piled uselessly on top of the head—so the milliners made the hats bigger than ever. They have about reached the limit now. . . .

Churchill's visit was a triumphant success. The whole Paris fire service was on the roofs looking out for snipers. L. said the tears were pouring down his cheeks when he passed down the Champs Elysées with the crowds cheering hysterically.

## NOVEMBER 25TH.

Strasbourg captured by the French. Paris in a fever. The bulky lady (statue) of that name in the Place de la Concorde is once more draped in tricolor and wreaths. L. directs a pool of 150 lorries for the French transport services. He has sent the first lorries to Mulhouse with flour and supplies—they are to bring back starving children. All the bells are ringing to-night.

Went to see the Bayeux tapestries in the Louvre. What a gorgeous, bloodthirsty zest the Queen and the ladies put into it, and how much better they sewed by the time they got to the end. The Louvre is otherwise empty, except for a few dull bronzes. I wonder the Germans didn't melt them down, as they did the statue of Shakespeare.

There must be a raging black market in petrol—I've not seen so many private cars since the war. L. says they all had to turn over to charcoal for cars during the occupation, and now many are registering for petrol for so many lorries, keeping the lorries on charcoal and using the petrol for their private cars. There are a few *fiacres*, but no taxis; only men on bicycles, motor or pedal, with trailers behind, which you can hire if you are very rich. One family I saw had a wonderful contraption. It was like a child's toy motor car, with two pedal cycles side by side, on which Mamma and Papa were pedalling, with the children in a row on the seat behind. It was a little yellow wooden four-seater and swept up to the kerb in great style.

## NOVEMBER 27TH.

Brussels. We bumped here yesterday in a lorry and arrived pretty tired. We can buy black grapes in the street at 50 francs the kilo (about 2s. 8d. a pound). This is welcome, as all our food is out of tins. We play in a vast cinema, and as our scenery was left behind at the port in England we play in what we can pick up. This week it is a black and white marble palace, not very suggestive of the Englishman's home. There are masses of British here. The food and fuel situation is very bad, but there are heaps of toys, sweets, patisseries and drinks. We woke to the sound of shots this morning. There are strikes and demonstrations against the Government going on in a sporadic sort of way. Also V 1s, for which a melodious siren waffles from time to time. We are enormously popular with the Belgians, who can't praise the R.A.F. enough for the wonderful pinspot raid on the Gestapo H.Q., when they hit just the one house and that the right one.

## NOVEMBER 30TH.

Had lunch with the de B.s to bring them news of their son who got away to England. The General says the core of the black market trouble here is that there is only one thing meaner than a North French peasant and that's a Belgian. They sold butter to the Germans at 45 francs the kilo because their own people could only give 40. The farmers made an enormous amount of money, and when Pierlot changed the currency overnight and ordered all the old currency to be exchanged at the banks, they were afraid to produce their black market gains, so they burnt the notes! Not that the General thinks the sudden change over was a success; he thinks it might have been had it been supported by other measures at the same time. But as an isolated change it caused great confusion, apparently. He has been here all the time.

## DECEMBER 4TH.

Eindhoven. Came on here yesterday by lorry—five hours in rain and darkness. We arrived simultaneously with another ENSA party to what appeared to be an already full hostel. Beds were miraculously found for most of us, the rest being billeted in Dutch houses where they will have no heat. Here we are lucky; we have hot water, though the hostel, which has been bomb-damaged and repaired, is very draughty.

This is a sad place. Heavily blitzed and very cold. The Dutch don't smile, which is not surprising. They clatter over the cobble stones on bikes with no tyres. We bombed the huge factory pretty efficiently, and when we entered the town the Germans bombed that. There are many refugees, and though part of the factory is repaired, the town is crowded with unemployed and hungry people. It rains continuously and is very cold.

## DECEMBER 6TH.

This is St. Nicholas' day and the children are very excited. A few shops have reopened but there is almost nothing in them. There are a few little wooden windmills in one, and always a row of children gazing at them. One child was jumping and whooping with delight, waving a knot of orange ribbon she had been given. The children look sweet in their bright pixie hoods and wooden shoes; coats very threadbare and outgrown above their spindleshanks and knobby knees, but they laugh and their cheeks glow.

We heard shooting in the night and were told it was the guards at the food dumps shooting to scare thieves.



DECEMBER 7TH.

Saw a cartload of anthracite. Behind it was a swarm of children with shovels and market baskets. They were jumping up and shovelling what they could reach into their bags; more children followed behind to gather up what fell in the road (which was the greater part). The old Dutch driver turned round and cocked his eyebrow at them—and then turned back and drove a little slower.

We play in a bitterly cold cinema. The walls are dripping and our muscles ache with shivering so much. The men sit in their soaking wet overcoats and stamp their feet patiently all through the intervals. But all the same they laugh fit to raise the roof. Wonderful chaps. . . .

DECEMBER 15TH.

The last few days have been rather nightmarish. The Germans have pushed forward in the Ardennes, we don't know quite how far. . . . We arrived back from Tilberg, where we played to very home-sick Canadians. Joe Loss and his band are still here at the hostel—they were to have flown home before our return, but all planes are turned over to wounded. So we are short of about twenty people's rations and living space. We are wondering anxiously whether we shall be home by Christmas as arranged. Most of us seem to be parents of young children, with various family commitments.

DECEMBER 17TH.

Against all probabilities, we started to drive to Ostend this morning, in a very old bus that has been hidden from the Germans since 1940. It arrived from Brussels with a burst tyre, which delayed our start, and after about ten miles we were boiling hard, with a leaking radiator. By dint of stopping every few miles to pour in more water, we got to Ostend about 10 p.m. We lunched at Ghent, where the ENSA hostel is an ostentatious modern house, daubed on the outside with swastikas—the sign of a now departed collaborator.

The Ostend hostel is full, so we were sent to a hotel which could provide beds but no food. The proprietress loathes the sight of us. She says we can sleep on the top floor, recently used by German soldiers, but can provide no linen or heat. It is very cold and stormy. The beds are dubious, and the thought of the German soldiers unappetising. I have spread all my spare clothes over the dirty blankets and pillow. The port is closed because of the storm, and we may be here for days. One of the party threw a temperature. I secretly rather sympathised.

DECEMBER 18TH.

A lovely fine morning! The storm has blown itself out, the harbour is open, and we're for home after all!

It's been a wonderful time. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

## DR. HAROLD DARKE

All who know Dr. Darke (and more especially those who know the traditional reluctance of our ancient Universities to be over-generous with their distinctions) will be delighted at the double honour he has received from the University of Cambridge. For he has been made an honorary M.A. by the University, and has also been elected a Fellow by King's College, where he has been doing splendid work almost since the War began.

## MUSIC IN PRISONERS OF WAR CAMPS

By EMILY DAYMOND

When I asked the Editor if I might write something about the music in prisoners of war camps I did not fully realise that if I began it would be very difficult to stop. It is. So I have tried to put my account into a definite shape to which I must conform: (1) What we send to the prisoners, (2) what they send to us, (3) something of the music that they make in the camps.

(1) What we send to them. We have furnished nearly 100 full orchestras and sent out altogether about 16,000 musical instruments to camp leaders and to individual prisoners (this is not actually my part of the work); and between 600 and 700 parcels of music in the two years in which I have been working—that is my part, and Mrs. Musson (Moya Hutton), an old Congrejan, works with me. The parcels are mostly what we call "mixed grills", and contain music of every description—works for full orchestra; string orchestra; miniature scores and music paper for copying parts; orchestral arrangements of well-known works, overtures, etc.; chamber music; solos for piano, violin, cello; music for dance bands; light operas and libretti for performance; solo songs; part songs for men's voices; community songs of many kinds; marches, waltzes, music hall songs; and music for what we call "Nebuchadnezzar's Ban", i.e., ukelele, piano accordion, guitar, etc., as well as for more conventional instruments, flutes, clarinets and such. We always hope that in every parcel there will be *something* to please everyone. Last Christmas we sent out sets of carols to over 100 camps, and we send hymns arranged for orchestra, and anthems and services for men's voices. We are often asked for definite compositions, e.g., modern British works, and for definite instruments. In two successive weeks we were asked for (a) a mouth organ and a penny whistle and (b) a book on orchestration, and in both cases we "obliged," though penny whistles not being obtainable just then we sent a glorified kind called a flutina.

The packers in my room (luckily we don't have to pack up our parcels) wrestle with problems that would completely stagger me. I have looked on with awe and admiration while they "did up" kettledrums in brown paper and string, and piano accordions are a matter of everyday occurrence; and we have sent out more than 80 sets of bagpipes.

At present conditions are altered; camps are scattered and moved, and we now send cases of artists' materials, games, books and music for the use of repatriated prisoners on home-coming ships. My musical mind has stretched a good deal during my two years' work; I can now run to earth music for all the unusual instruments that I have named, and others as well, and it is great fun hunting round in "Tin Pan Alley" for hill-billy songs with guitar accompaniment and similar treasures. The proprietors of the shops in that part—in fact, everywhere, including the big music firms—are brimming over with generosity towards prisoners of war, and give us wonderful discounts.

A small point that gave us a lot of trouble is fingering! So much, and often so savagely indelible, in music that has been given to us by interested friends! Not a scrap is allowed to pass the censor—it might, of course, have concealed a secret code—and we had a busy time rubbing out and even, in the case of blue or red pencil, washing out!

(2) What they send to us. A good many compositions, ranging from a movement for orchestra to "waltz blues" for piano and voice (the words and music both original!) They are handed over to me in case I can be of use in making helpful suggestions. We had one really charming



"Carol in captivity," words and music both by prisoners. Mr. Maurice Jacobson mentioned it in one of his "Make your own music" broadcasts, and a verse was sung. I am often asked to make fair copies of compositions for next-of-kin and I sometimes long to make a few alterations on the way; but I resist and I make faithful copies. In the case of the orchestral work that I mentioned Dr. Gordon Jacob kindly collaborated with me, and we sent some suggestions that we thought might help the composer, and some lighter orchestral pieces to show him what to try for. We had a grateful letter from him in which he says he thinks himself fortunate in having the opinion of "two eminent gentlemen." He has nearly finished a symphony which he hopes to bring when he comes home, and I can't help looking forward to his surprise when he meets his "two eminent gentlemen."

(3) Something of the music that they make in the camps. Unless one has had the good fortune to be concerned in the actual work, and in touch with the prisoners, it is impossible to imagine the extent of their musical output, and I can only tell you of a few items out of the number. I have spoken of the orchestras, and the concerts given by them are first class, with programmes of which many orchestras might be proud. But these have had to grow. They begin with whatever they can muster. One camp which started with 9,000 prisoners, after Dunkirk, had nothing at all at first, no music, no instruments; but they had to have music somehow, so they sang all the songs they knew by heart. The repatriated sergeant who told us about it said: "I had no absolute pitch, but I knew what my lowest note was and I counted up from that!" By degrees this camp acquired instruments and music, and at their farewell concert their programme included Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which they very much enjoyed playing to the Germans!

Only a short while ago I had a letter from a prisoner in another camp (the composer of the carol I mentioned) who says: "I can't tell you what my pursuit of music has meant to me during the four and a half years I have been 'inside,' all much assisted by the books, records, music and instruments the Red Cross has so often sent from St. James's." (He had just given his 284th concert of records, including works by Elgar, Tchaikovsky, etc.) "'Swing' is tabooed by all and quite a lot turn up to Walton, Moeran, etc. Perhaps a Mozart night fills best. . . . I am taking Grade IV Harmony next week and am also struggling with viola and slowly improving my aural work. At the moment I am busy playing the Sultan in the pantomime, a 100 per cent. local production." (He writes on last New Year's Eve.)

Oflag VII B, where Richard Wood, the bass singer, is the moving musical spirit, held a Music Festival with the following programmes: symphony concert, light orchestral, dance band, choral and orchestral, chamber music, and "Round the World" (folk songs and dances from many countries, including some by Maories). Britten wrote the ballad for men's voices which concluded the choral concert—it is dedicated by him "To Richard Wood and the musicians of Oflag VII B." Total performances at the Festival, 33; total attendances, 6,663. Another camp gave a performance of the "Gondoliers." We were sent a picture of one scene in which are two charming heroines! Seventy-six complete costumes were made for this performance, and numberless small items; a gondola was contrived from two forms, well greased with soap to make them glide.

The climax of the camp music, however, was a performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion by Oflag VII B in Holy Week last year. This was organised by Richard Wood and his fellow musicians, who arranged and adapted the choruses, and I am allowed to quote from one of his letters on the subject. He says: "In making the version we had a few guiding

considerations: it must not be too long for camp listeners who would not be likely to take easily to it; the essential story must stand intact; we must keep enough of the ariosos and arias to vary the recitative, since all the big choruses must inevitably go; as many as possible of the best bits should be retained; and finally, every number done must be within the range of a sincere and convincing interpretation by its performer or performers, so that Bach should not come by too great an injustice." The bass who sang the Christus part "had never sung before he came here. I taught him every note by ear; his copy only muddled him because he could not read it. After five weeks he knew it well and sang it at the performance with forthright honesty of purpose."

The work made a great impression and amply repaid the organisers for their intensive labour. I find it difficult to imagine anything more impressive and more moving than the Passion music sung in a barbed wire prisoners' camp. Speaking of barbed wire, there is a Barbed Wire University "whose only qualification for entry is to have faced death." It was organised by the R.A.F. and provides lectures and examinations in 84 subjects which will be of use to the men on leaving camp, so that their careers will not only not be hindered but will be materially advanced. The Director has allowed me to put a copy of the syllabus (which has been drawn up and illuminated by a prisoner) on the notice board, and I do hope some who read this will examine it. It is a very striking and artistic production, and gives one much ground for thought.

It is as difficult as I knew it would be to stop writing about all this, when I feel I have really said so little. Still, I believe that those who have been so full of interest and sympathy while I have been working will be glad to know a little more of the salvation that music has meant to the men behind the barbed wire.

## MODERN MUSIC: GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

By J. H. FROST

One of the greatest of our contemporary composers has stated it as his opinion that, to achieve the best results, a student should start by writing in the modern idiom and, after this, work his way gradually back to the music of earlier times, contrary to the usual procedure adopted.

We may disagree with this point of view, but as a point of view we can appreciate and dispute it. Presuming, then, that we have sufficient education to hear (or read), understand, digest and discuss according to our own feelings a rather unusual opinion such as this, why should we not in the same way be able to appreciate *musically* something which has not been said before, and let it stimulate us to thought and discussion, without either discarding it entirely or condemning it?

The answer which appears as the most logical is: lack of musical receptivity. The condemnation of modern works by diehards as being something unrelated to music as they know it, without logic, beauty or consonance, is a grave setback to our art and a frequent source of discouragement to its exponents. It is a conservative phobia of which we should be well rid.

If this narrow outlook were taken by every listener (and, indeed, non-listener, as seems very often the case), we might just as well stop composing altogether, serene in the satisfaction that music has now reached its utmost standard of perfection and that there is nothing fresh to be revealed.



As for the claims that modern music is unrelated to ancient music, and lacks logic and consonance, these can soon be set aside. There has been no sudden change in the idiom, and at no definite point can a finger be laid indicating the end of the old style and the beginning of the new. Music has simply evolved by degrees until it has become what it is, and it will continue in its transition as long as the art of composing lives. A little study will reveal much to connect it with its ancestry; the fugue is still in frequent use, also the recitative (which dates back to the beginning of the 17th century), with many other early forms; and the reappearance of the modal element creates surely a very close relationship. And, since conventional form is still used to a large extent, our music must of necessity retain logic.

Whether it lacks consonance is perhaps the hardest subject to discuss. "Concord" and "discord" are relative terms, and there is no line to be drawn between them. It is a matter of degree, for all intervals except the octave are to some extent dissonant; but the degree of dissonance *bearable* depends on how accustomed the ear is to it. Thus to the contemporary listener many dissonances have practically become consonances, and the effect of our music is relatively the same to him as that of Purcell's must have been to the listener of his day. Therefore, if this practice of dissonance is to be described as a fault, it is applicable not only to modern music, but to all music.

As regards the further criticism that our composers do not stick to the rules, we can only say that rules are not laws, but simply serve to tell us how to eliminate unnecessary difficulties in performance, and what will and what will not sound right to the normal listener of our time. Abnormal observation could dispense with them, but they serve their purpose by saving time. Schumann said: "Nothing is wrong that sounds right," and the rules are to assist us in our discernment, not to be taken as rigid law.

A composer must express his own feelings and emotions (which need by no means be peculiar to himself) through the medium of his contemporary idiom; obviously he is of no use if his art consists merely of the repetition of ideas already stated. We could write a book using the material of Shakespeare, Dickens, Prout or any other author, employing different wording; but, unless our style of writing or our form were in some way original, we should have contributed nothing new. People who had not read these authors might applaud our work; but to those who had done so it would be of no value. People of the former class are lacking in literary background, and their perception would be far more acute were they to take the trouble of remedying this.

Therefore we must seek for something fresh to say. Style is a matter of individuality; form is a matter of convention or individual logic, binding the sentences together as a whole. But, although very necessary, these are less important factors—it is what we have to say, the outlook that we have to express, that matters most. And it must not be expressed in a language that is obsolete, any more than modern poetry is written in the phraseology of Chaucer.

No magistrate who has not first heard the prisoner's evidence and seen his point of view is qualified to judge him; moreover, his judgment must be made without bias, and all the evidence must be heard with an open mind. Whether the prisoner is an old man or a young man (who might have applied modern methods to the propagation of his alleged crime), the actual judgment is not affected—only, possibly, the treatment of the prisoner.

In the same way, no person who has not listened to modern music with a receptive and open mind is qualified either to be sceptical of it or to criticise it in any way.

Perhaps the above may be regarded as an unfortunate simile ; but the fact that modern music is at present forced to be very much on the defensive, and is thus not at all incomparable to the prisoner who is to be judged " Guilty " or " Not guilty," justifies it.

The feelings of the composer must be conveyed to us through his music, and we must be in sympathy with them if they are to appeal to us. Music without feeling is not music ; and the feeling must possess beauty in some form. For beauty is a thing of many aspects, and it must be borne in mind that anything which can cause joy, through the eye or through the ear, must have beauty.

To the listener, some knowledge of the evolution of an ancient art such as music is most necessary for a complete understanding of its maturest conceptions. A river, even at its broadest and deepest part, cannot be separated from its source ; and, whichever of its tributaries we may choose to navigate, we should be poor sailors indeed if we were familiar with but one point of the river's course. In the same way, the workings of a complicated machine can only be made fully clear to us by an understanding of each basic mechanism.

We may note that the opinion expressed in the opening paragraph of this article, although advocating a reverse in the conventional order of musical study, nevertheless realises the importance of this knowledge of its evolution.

By these facts we arrive at the conclusion (a conclusion which is common enough, but which cannot be sufficiently emphasised) that the work does not lie only with the composer ; the most important half is with the listener. For music is made to be listened to, and without the listener its value would be annulled. The one is complementary to the other, as is a transmitter to a receiver, and each must be put together with the right equipment in order to function properly.

It is the same with painting, poetry, sculpture and all the other arts. Naturally, it cannot be expected that the creative work of every individual composer should appeal to all of us. The creator materialises his feelings ; and we either do or do not sympathise, according to the harmony with these feelings which may occur in us through our own individual reception. But what does not strike a chord in us may do so in others ; therefore it is not for the individual to judge a work, except for himself.

Too much importance is attached to the composer, too little to the listener. It is a drab state of affairs when the former must mould his work to the tastes of the latter, himself possessing a far greater experience of the subject.

If the times are ever to keep up with the music, the listener must have more musical education. In the composer's sphere, such basic knowledge as is required is taken too much for granted. In Wagner's day, for example, his more mature works were regarded by the majority as eccentricities. Yet Wagner belonged just as much to that generation as did any other of its members ; why was he ahead of them ? Because the public would not make itself familiar with his music, having only just accustomed itself to earlier composers such as Beethoven. But he is appreciated now ; for the advent of time has made *his* work the limit of evolution, as many listeners know it now, in place of Beethoven's—he has *become* familiar. The listener let time do his work for him, and half a century of precious musical experience was hence lost to him.

We are in a vicious circle. If music has enough value to us as a race, we should give it a far wider importance in our everyday education ; but it cannot achieve an important national basis until the latter has been



brought about. Therefore it is a responsibility which we young musicians of the rising generation must take upon our own shoulders.

Here is something that we must prepare ourselves to fight for in the future, and in the battle for peace in which it will soon be our duty to engage.

## THE EDITOR'S POST BAG

From LIEUT. PAUL WARD, 1st Battalion the Gambia Regt., S.E.A.C.

If you come across anyone who would like news of me, you can tell them that I am still going strong, and am hoping to come back to the R.C.M. in the not too distant future, and begin learning to play the cello again. I have been investigating the musical activities of Calcutta on occasional visits there, and have been lucky enough to gain the friendship of the Calcutta equivalent of Sir George Dyson—Dr. Philippe Sandré, who is Principal of the Calcutta School of Music. It is not a large Institution, and has rather an uphill fight in war-time. They give a series of six Symphony Concerts every winter, with the Calcutta Symphony Orchestra, and these are, I am glad to say, admirably supported—particularly by the Forces, a number of whom are performers.

The last I heard of the College was from Mr. Ivor James, who told me that most of the windows had been blown in; but I hope that is the end of your troubles.

From LIEUT. RICHARD WOOD (P.O.W.), Oflag VII C, Laufen, nr. Salzburg  
(Extracts from diary)

21.1.41. In August we bought instruments from the Y.M.C.A. (who have done very well for us). Now we have some 30 players of all necessary parts but viola, bassoon, and trombone—and they are all coming.

4.3.41. I am trying to do the St. Matthew Passion for Holy Week, but time is scarce and things keep getting put back; but I have been working like a black at it.

19.4.41. Well, the St. Matthew is over, and I have enjoyed every minute of it. It was very ambitious, but it was successful, and people were astounded that the result was so wonderful. I think Sir Hugh would like to know.

29.7.42. Another Concert last night: Corelli's Christmas Concerto, Warlock's Capriol Suite, and Mozart's Kleine Nachtmusik. (Dr. Hull, of Hereford, would like to know this, since he sent us most of the music.)

28.2.43. To-day we have another of our Sunday Concerts, which occur every three weeks; on the other two we have Gramophone Recitals. To-day's programme consists of a Handel Concerto (violin, flute and cello), a Haydn piano sonata, and a Haydn string quartet. It is the first time we have ever managed to get a string quartet going, but now they hope to go ahead and do heaps.

20.4.43. Very busy nursing two performances of Elijah for Good Friday and Easter Day. Chorus of 50 and two grand pianos; and we have a splendid Elijah—Harry Priestley, an old Choral Scholar of Trinity, Cambridge.

9.5.43. Elijah went off very well, and about 500 came to it. (The seating capacity of the room being about 200.)

The diary continues its story of unquenchable enthusiasm, which culminates in a month's musical festival, when the programmes included The Magic Flute, a Schubert Symphony and Benjamin Britten's Ballad, Little Musgrave, Bach's New Year Cantata, with many madrigals, sea-shanties, and national songs and dances.

From C.L., in a training camp in the North of England.

Knowing your love of poetry, I thought you might like this example of how a family in these parts announced their mother's death in the local paper:—

The Trumpets are sounding,  
St. Peter says "Come!"  
The pearly gates open,  
And in walks Mum.

## R.C.M. UNION

The year 1945 has begun well for the Union in various ways. The Easter Term has brought more new members to our ranks, including many from the newcomers to College, all of whom we gladly welcome. The Report for 1944 shows that there is no need for anxiety about money matters, and the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, March 14th, was a very pleasant affair.

It was a happy idea to invite Lieutenant-Commander Stuart Robertson to come and tell at the Annual Meeting of his "Life with the Royal Canadian Navy," and judging by the rousing reception which greeted him it was obvious that everyone was grateful to a member of the Committee for having that idea. As an old student he enjoyed meeting old friends in College and all old friends were very glad to welcome him. When war started he was in America; immediately, he applied to join the Royal Navy and then the R.A.F., but in each case he was said to be over age. Finally, after much perseverance, he entered the Royal Canadian Navy V.R. With much humour and charm he painted a vivid picture of his varied activities, ranging from the rigours of life on a mine-sweeper to the formation of a Concert Party ashore, and ultimately how he came to be in command of a fine unit sent all over Canada to entertain the troops and eventually to this country and to London. The proceeds from the two months in London go to the aid of British War Funds.

The merit of this special job lies not only in its entertainment value, but it also has a propaganda purpose of helping to strengthen the bonds of friendship and sympathy between Canada and the mother country. Our only regret of the afternoon was, surely, that the naval officer of war-time did not become the singer of peace-time for a spell, and sing to us.

There is good news for those who like to have Union colours, ties only until after the war, alas! but there should be a fresh supply next term.

PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER, Hon. Sec.

## THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN AT HOME

NOTE: *Material for inclusion in this column in the next issue of the Magazine should reach the Editor or Hon. Secretary not later than the end of Term, July 21st.*

THE BACH CHOIR, conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques, gave a performance of Vaughan Williams's Sea Symphony on January 13. The programme also included Bach's Magnificat, in which the organ was played by Dr. Osborne Peasgood and the continuo by Anthony Hopkins. Grace Bodey was among the soloists, and the Jacques Orchestra was led by Ruth Pearl. On March 18 the same choir gave its annual performance of the St. Matthew Passion. Dr. Peasgood was at the organ and Dr. Thornton Lofthouse played the continuo. The oboist was Léon Goossens, and soloists included Peter Pears and William Parsons. The ROYAL CHORAL



SOCIETY was conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent on February 3 for Elgar's *Gerontius*, and by Sir George Dyson on March 3 for *Elijah*. The RENAISSANCE SINGERS, conducted by Michael Howard, have given three Bach concerts, the first on February 24 at St. Marylebone Parish Church, the other two at Holy Trinity Church, Kingsway, on March 17 and 24 in honour of the composer's two hundred and sixtieth birthday. Noreen Mason was the flautist. The choir of MORLEY COLLEGE, conducted by Michael Tippitt, has given regular concerts of old and new music throughout the term, and at the Albert Hall on February 28 it took part in a performance of Tippitt's oratorio "A Child of Our Time," in aid of the children of Warsaw. Margaret McArthur and Peter Pears were among the soloists. At SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL Dr. Cook conducted a performance of *Messiah* on February 10, and the St. Matthew Passion on March 17. The continuo was played by H. Stubbs on the former occasion and Dr. Thornton Lofthouse on the latter.

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL has also sponsored a series of Wednesday mid-day recitals. Artists taking part in these included Dr. Cook, Dr. Thornton Lofthouse and Herbert Fryer during January; Dr. Cook, Kendall Taylor and the Menges String Quartet (playing Vaughan Williams's new quartet) during February; and Mr. Frank Merrick during March. At WIGMORE HALL Maria Donska gave a Beethoven recital on February 11, and on February 22 she played a Concerto with Kathleen Merritt and her newly formed orchestra, who were giving a concert of Mozart's music. Dr. Jacques and his orchestra (in association with C.E.M.A.) gave a programme of Bach's music in the same hall on March 3. Henry Bronkhurst gave a piano recital on February 25, and a sonata recital with Leonard Rubens on March 25. Margerie Few gave a piano recital on March 28. Artists taking part in the NATIONAL GALLERY mid-day concerts during December included Margaret Eliot, Kathleen Long, Irene Richards, Anatole Mines, Lawrence Holmes, Frank Merrick, Veronica Mansfield, Arnold Goldsbrough, Richard Adeney, Winifred Roberts, Anita Mansell, John Francis and Millicent Silver. On December 21 a Quintet by Malcolm Arnold for flute, bassoon, horn, violin and viola was played. During January artists included Anatole Mines, Maria Donska, Olive Zorian, Winifred Roberts, Anita Mansell, Arnold Goldsbrough, Irene Kohler and the Kamaran Trio. Ivor James (with the Menges Quartet) also continued his series of Beethoven lecture-recitals. In February performances were given of Vaughan Williams's *Four Hymns* for tenor and viola, also Britten's *Hymn to Saint Cecilia*. Artists for this month included Olive Zorian, Winifred Copperwheat, Jean Stewart, Eric Gritton, Winifred Roberts, Helen Just, Pauline Juler, Anatole Mines, Howard Ferguson, Mary Carter and Irene Richards. In March, Kendall Taylor played Ireland's cello sonata with Florence Hooton; Vaughan Williams's *Three Rondels*, "Merciless Beauty," were heard on the 7th, and on the same day there was also the first performance of *Three Settings of Medieval Texts* for old instruments by Ann Murray. Eric Gritton took part in a Bach recital; and Michael Tippitt conducted his Morley College String Players.

In a series of CHAMBER CONCERTS arranged by GERALD COOPER at the Wigmore Hall on Tuesday evenings, Michael Tippitt directed a programme of old music sung by the Morley College choir on January 30. On February 13 Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" and "Hymn to Saint Cecilia" were performed. Irene Richards took part in a programme of old music on February 27, and on March 13 Frederick Thurston played with the Zorian String Quartet. A series of Thursday evening recitals has been arranged at FVVE HALL (The Polytechnic). Artists taking part included Eric Gritton in January; Colin Horsley and Alan Loveday during February; and Lorraine du Val, Eric Gritton, Noreen Mason and Joan and Valerie Trimble

during March. At the LONDON PHILHARMONIC ARTS CLUB, Angus Morrison, Margaret Eliot, Susan Rosza and Jean McCartney have all played during the term, and on February 1 there was a performance of Franz Reizenstein's Prologue, Variations and Finale. Collegians have been well represented in the programmes of contemporary music concerts given by BOOSEY AND HAWKES. On January 27 Ireland's XVth century Songs were sung, and on February 20 Michael Tippett's second String Quartet and Howard Ferguson's Five Bagatelles for piano were played. In the special Plebiscite concert on March 21 Britten's "Hymn to Saint Cecilia" was one of the chosen works. The COMMITTEE FOR THE PROMOTION OF NEW MUSIC has continued its experimental rehearsals and studio recitals. On January 16 Jean Stewart and Yvonne Fisher played Kenneth White's Sonatina for viola and piano, and on February 13 Jean Stewart played Elizabeth Lutyen's Sonata for solo viola.

The ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY has this season invited various orchestras to take part in its concerts. On January 20 Cyril Smith played with the London Symphony Orchestra, and on March 17 Sir Adrian Boult conducted the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. The HAROLD HOLT SUNDAY CONCERTS have been given alternatively by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Sir Adrian Boult conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra on January 14, February 11 and March 11, and at the second of these concerts Ireland's Piano Concerto was played. George Weldon conducted the L.P.O. on January 21. At the Henry Wood Memorial Concert on March 4, Vaughan Williams's "Serenade to Music," specially composed for Sir Henry, was played. Sir Adrian Boult was one of the three conductors. The NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Sydney Beer, has given a series of Tuesday evening concerts at the Albert Hall. The programmes have included Vaughan Williams's Tallis Fantasia and Britten's Scottish Ballad for two pianos and orchestra, and Cyril Smith and Benjamin Britten have been among the soloists. At a Christmas Concert given by the London Junior and Senior Orchestras and a special youthful choir at Central Hall, Westminster, on December 16, Veronica Mansfield was one of the soloists in Britten's Ceremony of Carols. Britten conducted his Sinfonia de Requiem in a "Saturday Book" concert given by the L.P.O. on January 6, and also took part in Poulenc's Concerto for two pianos with the composer.

Sir George Dyson gave three lectures on "The Origin and Development of Early Musical Forms" at the Royal Institution during February. Frank Howes lectured on "Music and Anthropology" to the Royal Anthropological Society on March 20. Graham Carritt presented a programme of English piano and vocal music at the Czechoslovak Institute on January 24, and an Anglo-Czech programme at Kensington High School on February 8. Rose Morse was the singer on both occasions. Sir Adrian Boult spoke on Musical Appreciation to the International Youth Centre on January 26. On March 7 a concert-lecture on Dutch Music was given at the Netherlands House, for which illustrations were played by an R.C.M. quartet: Vivien Hind, Sheila Osmond, Mary Goodman and Anna Shuttleworth.

Eileen Croxford, A.R.C.M., was on a Y.M.C.A. tour (with Maurice Cole and Leonie Zifado) January 7 to 13; gave a recital at the Masonic School, Rickmansworth, on January 28, and another on February 3 at Ilkley (with Gerald Moore); then made a "Factory Tour" in Halifax (February 12 to 24) with Rose Morse and Joan Coombes, and a C.E.M.A. tour, with Gerald Moore and Joy McArden, in the Birmingham area, March 12 to 15. On April 7 she gave a recital at the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, with Barbara Hill.



## THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD

## THE PROVINCES

**ALTON.** The Subscription Concerts closed their first season with a recital on March 3 by Benjamin Britten and Peter Pears. The second half of the programme consisted of Britten's Michelangelo Sonnets and five Folk Song arrangements. Constance Ames was the violinist in a sonata recital at the Congregational Church on February 25.

**BEDFORD.** Dyson's "Songs of Courage" and "Songs of Praise" were sung by the Musical Society's Choir on November 20. Janet Howe was soloist in Elgar's "Music Makers."

**BELFAST.** Eric Harrison gave a recital with Douglas Cameron for the British Music Society and their programme of three sonatas included Ireland in C minor.

**BIRMINGHAM** The City Orchestra, under George Weldon, continues its weekly concerts, and among guest conductors have been Sir Adrian Boult and Richard Austin. Works by Britten, Howard Ferguson and Gordon Jacob have appeared in these programmes. Concerts of two pianos music have been given at Queen's College by Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick, and for the Midland Music Club by Joan and Valerie Trimble, whose programme included Joan Trimble's Sonata.

**BOURNEMOUTH.** Barbara Kerslake played with the Municipal Orchestra in the autumn.

**BRADFORD.** Léon Goossens gave a recital for the Bradford Music Club and Britten's Machaelangelo Sonnets were sung by Eric Greene. Joan Wright gave a piano recital at the lunch-hour concert on November 16.

**BRISTOL.** The Philharmonic and Choral Societies joined in a performance of Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" on February 3. Frank Merrick played Beethoven's fourth piano concerto with the L.P.O.

**CAMBRIDGE.** During September, 1944, Dr. Harold Darke gave an organ recital for school children in King's College Chapel, beginning with a short talk about the organ. Among his solos were two choral preludes by Hubert Parry. On February 18, 1945, Dr. Darke conducted a programme by the Cambridge University Madrigal Society. The University Musical Society, conductor Dr. Hadley, gave a choral and orchestral concert in December. Marie Wilson was one of the soloists.

**GLASGOW.** The Scottish Orchestra have included Vaughan Williams's new Symphony and Ferguson's piece on Ulster airs in recent programmes. At a concert at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music, Vaughan Williams's "Magnificat," Manx folk song arrangements by Arnold Foster and works by Holst, were sung and played.

**HARROW.** The Harrow Philharmonic Society, conductor Henry Havergal, gave a Bach concert on December 9. Veronica Mansfield and Victor Harding were two of the soloists in parts 3, 5 and 6 of the Christmas Oratorio.

**LEICESTER.** The Leicester Philharmonic Society with the L.P.O. gave Tippett's Oratorio, "A Child of Our Time," on December 7. The composer conducted, and Margaret McArthur and Roderick Lloyd were among the soloists. The Leicester Bach Choir gave a concert in the Cathedral on December 10 and sang a motet by the late Dr. Kitson, for many years an organist in Leicester.

**MASHAM.** On March 30 Masham and Tanfield Choral Society sang selections from Handel's "Messiah," conducted by A. H. Allsop, with Miss Tomlinson at the organ.

**NORWICH.** Margaret Bissett, accompanied by Harry Stubbs, gave a song recital for the Norfolk Rural Music School at the Maddermarket Theatre on March 3. She included songs by Martin Shaw and John Ireland.

**TORQUAY.** Sheila Mossman and Mirjam Myro appeared at the Pavilion concert on January 14.

**TROWBRIDGE.** The Wiltshire Rural Music School gave a performance of Elijah by combined choirs on December 6. Herbert Sumson was at the organ and Margaret Bissett sang the contralto solos.

**WINDSOR AND ETON.** The Choral Society, now under the conductorship of Dr. W. H. Harris, performed "Judas Maccabaeus" on December 20. Dr. Henry Ley was at the organ and Bamfield Cooper sang the tenor solos.

**YORK.** The New Earswick Choral Society, conducted by Iris Lemare, gave an interesting programme on September 28, which included Three Songs of Travel by Vaughan Williams. On December 21 they gave a carol concert, singing modern Christmas music by Holst, Howells and Vaughan Williams.

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUSIC

**BASTON SCHOOL, YEOVIL.** Graham Carritt gave a programme of 20th century piano music, Finnish, French and British, on February 16.

**BRYANSTON SCHOOL (Mr. John Stirling).** Concerts during the term included recitals by the Ruth Pearl String Quartet, and Eric Harrison with Douglas Cameron. Music competitions were judged by Hugo Anson.

**CLIFTON COLLEGE (Dr. D. G. A. Fox).** Audrey Piggott and Frank Merrick have given recitals and a selection from Britten's "Ceremony of Carols" was sung by the boys at a school concert.

**HAILEYBURY (Mr. Hector McCurrach).** During the Christmas term several Collegians gave concerts for the school, including Colin Horsley, Alan Loveday, Marion Attwood, Ann Neill and Mara Ross. In the Easter Term there was the 1st movement from Vaughan Williams's Sea Symphony, helped by local choirs, and Charles Wood's St. Mark Passion, the whole school taking part. Recitals were given by Kathleen Long and Bernard Shore, while Muir Mathieson judged the instrumental competitions.

**HARROW (Mr. Henry Havergal).** At the School Music Club on February 3, Graham Carritt and Rose Morse gave a varied modern programme.

**OUNDLE (Mr. J. A. Tatham).** The School Orchestra and Choral Society, conducted by Mr. J. A. Tatham, performed Bach's Mass in B minor on December 10. Veronica Mansfield was one of the soloists.

**STOWE.** Hugo Anson judged the music competitions on April 1.

**WELLINGTON COLLEGE (Mr. Maurice Allen).** Ronald Timberley played John Ireland's piano concerto with the Guildford Symphony Orchestra on March 4. Maurice Allen conducted. Other items were "The Wasps" Overture, Vaughan Williams, and First Irish Rhapsody, Stanford.

**TONBRIDGE SCHOOL (Dr. A. W. Bunney).** Recitals have been given by William Parsons and Mabel Lovering, also by the Sylvan Trio and organ. The School Choral Society included Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" at their concert.

### MISCELLANEOUS

Graham Carritt and Rose Morse gave a varied modern programme for the Bromley Music Club on February 3.

Veronica Mansfield and John Francis took part in a C.E.M.A. concert at St. Mary's Church, Liss, on December 13.



Margaret Bissett, accompanied by Harry Stubbs, gave recitals at Parkstone Grammar School and Crowborough Music Club, and with Winifred Roberts at Blunt House, Oxted. Her programmes included songs by Vaughan Williams, Herbert Howells, John Ireland, Armstrong Gibbs and Martin Shaw, also arrangements by Emily Daymond and Harry Stubbs.

#### ABROAD

**EAST AFRICA—NAIROBI.** Evelyn Harmsworth played the Grieg piano-forte concerto in A minor with the Italian Central Orchestra on January 28, 1945. The East Africa Conservatoire of Music was formed in May, 1944, in Nairobi, with Evelyn Harmsworth on the piano staff and one of its first organisers. Its aim is to centralise the teaching of musical subjects and to maintain a standard approximating to that of the Royal Schools of Music. It is fully recognised by the Education Department and Government Bodies, and has grants from the Government for Scholarships.

#### BIRTH

**BLAKE.** On January 8, 1945, to Maureen (née Moore), wife of Leonard Blake, a son.

#### MARRIAGES

**GODWIN—ROWLAND.** At Caxton Hall, London, on September 2, 1944, Jack, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Godwin, Manor Park, London, to Lindsay M. O. Rowland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rowland, Kensington.

**BEGLEY—JACKSON.** On November 22, 1944, at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Basingstoke, Alexander Gerard Begley to Evelyn Margaret Jackson.

**HASTINGS—HUGHES.** At Epsom Parish Church, on December 16, 1944, Eric Hastings, telegraphist, Royal Navy, to Olive Hughes.

#### DEATH

**LLOYD.** On April 9, 1945, at Glyn Neath, Glam., Roderick Lloyd.

#### SERVING IN H.M. FORCES

**CLARKE, R. T.,** G 2361, Officer Cadet, "G" Coy., Officers' Training School, Mhow, India Command.

**WOODCOCK, A.,** No. 3900, Officer Cadet, "C" Coy., O.T.S., Bangalore, S. India.

**LAWRENCE, D. R.**

**HUGHES, EDNA, A.T.S.**

**JONES, MAUD M.,** voluntary work at the Royal Naval War Library.

#### LIST OF APPOINTMENTS

**KUTTNER, MISS ELSA,** has been appointed to Bridlington Girls' High School as Assistant Music Mistress.

**WHINYATES, MISS SEYMOUR,** has been appointed Assistant Director of the Music Department of the British Council.

#### R.C.M. STUDENT ACTIVITIES, EASTER TERM, 1945

On Friday, March 9th, we joined with the Royal College of Science in holding a dance at the Imperial College Union. There was no cabaret this time, but truly delicious ice-cream made its reappearance, was most cordially received and with all the guile of the elusive star left the consumer with the inclination to cry "Encore!"

The Madrigal Group has sadly disintegrated during the Easter term. Notices are being put up in the Common Rooms and those who wish to come are asked to sign their names. We hope the attendance will improve as it made such a promising start.

MADELEINE DRING.

## OBITUARY

### HERBERT REVILLIOD-MASARYK

Herbert Revilliod-Masaryk died on February 13, 1945, after a short illness. He was educated in Geneva and at Edinburgh University, and joined the College in September, 1942, to work with Albert Sammons and Herbert Howells. After a promising start his College career was interrupted by ill-health. He was the only surviving son of Dr. and Mrs. Henri Revilliod-Masaryk and a relative of Ian Masaryk.

**HARE.** In April, 1945, killed accidentally on active service, John Humphrey, L/Cpl. The Green Howards.

**OLNEY.** On air operations over Germany in December, 1944, Flight Lieut. Ronald C. Olney, R.A.F.V.R., husband of Irene (née Crowther), Director's Exhibitioner at the R.C.M., 1929-1934.

### PHILIP PILGRIM

Philip Pilgrim, to whose death we referred in our last number, is now known to have died in British Guiana, and not in Trinidad.

## LIST OF NEW PUPILS ADMITTED TO COLLEGE

Barber, Mary C.  
Bosano, J. J.  
Burnaby, Jenny M.  
Burrell, Gillian M.  
Clarke, Mary K.  
Clifford, Daphne M.  
Dennis, Sheila P.  
de Guingand, Elizabeth

Dickson, Katharine J.  
Fink, Ross J.  
Kellett, Dorothy  
Okell, Monica A.  
Rawlings, Edna  
Snodgrass, Susan M.  
Strode, Rosamund  
Worrall, Pamela

## COLLEGE CONCERTS

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17th (Chamber)

Piano Sonata in E flat major, Op. 81a (*Beethoven*)—John Davis Moores (Scholar).  
Songs: (a) Die Post, (b) Auf dem Wasser zu singen, (c) Gretchen am Spinnrade (*Schubert*)—Barbara Hayes. Accompanist: Mara Ross (Associated Board Scholar). Sonata in D major for Violin and Piano (*Leclair*)—Daphne Walker (Exhibitioner), Rosalind Leney.  
Songs: (a) The first primrose, (b) A swan, (c) The last spring, (d) Wandering in the wood (*Grieg*)—June Reis (Scholar). Accompanist: Margaret Brown (Exhibitioner). Three Pieces from "Images": (a) Hommage à Rameau (Book I), (b) Reflets dans l'eau (Book I), (c) Poissons d'or (Book II) (*Debussy*)—Madeleine Dring, A.R.C.M. (L.C.C. Scholar).

### TUESDAY, JANUARY 30th (The Second Orchestra)

Concerto in C major for Flute and Harp, K.209 (*Mozart*)—Ronald Gillham, A.R.C.M. (Leverhulme Scholar), Rosemary St. John (Scholar). Symphony No. 101 in D major (The Clock) (*Haydn*). Conductor: George Stratton.

### WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31st (Chamber)

Piano Sonata in C major, Op. 53 (Waldstein) (*Beethoven*)—Betty Williams (Pringle Scholar). Songs: (a) Come, sweetest death, come, blessed rest, (b) My soul's delight is God's own word (*Bach*), (c) A Christmas carol (*Bax*)—Gwendoline Robinson (L.C.C. Scholar). Accompanist: Joyce Seowen (L.C.C. Scholar). Sonata for Cello and Piano in F major, Op. 109 (*Brahms*)—Eileen Croxford, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner), Mara Ross (Associated Board Scholar). Suite for Flute, Violin and Harp (*Eugène Goossens*)—Patrick Souper, Sheila Vine (L.C.C. Scholar), Betti Evans (Exhibitioner).



## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th (Chamber)

Piano Solos: (a) Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 81, (b) Study in G sharp minor, Op. 25, (c) Study in B minor, Op. 25 (*Chopin*)—Hilary Reeve, A.R.C.M. (Norfolk Scholar). Violin Sonata in A (Kreutzer) (*Beethoven*)—Alan Loveday (Scholar), Henry Vincent (L.C.C. Scholar). Piano Trio in C minor, Op. 101 (*Brahms*)—Vivien Hind (Scholar), Amaryllis Fleming (Hon. Associated Board Scholar), Deirdre Fenton, A.R.C.M.

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th (Chamber)

Sonata No. 8 for Flute and Piano in G major (*Haydn*)—Ronald Gillham, A.R.C.M. (Leverhulme Scholar), Hester Preedy. Ballade No. 1 in G minor, Op. 23 (*Chopin*)—John Homer Lindsay (Scholar). Suite in C major for Cello (*Bach*)—Amaryllis Fleming (Hon. Associated Board Scholar). Songs: (a) Fairest Isle, (b) The Blessed Virgin's expostulation (*Purcell*)—Patricia Andrew, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Accompanist: Joyce Scowen (L.C.C. Scholar). Piano Solo: Jeux d'eau (*Ravel*)—Deirdre Fenton, A.R.C.M.

## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15th (The First Orchestra)

Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in G minor (*Max Bruch*)—Betty Richardson, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Symphony No. 6 in C minor (*Glazounov*). Conductor: The Director.

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21st (Chamber)

Sonata for Violin and Piano in D major, Op. 12, No. 1 (*Beethoven*)—Donald Purnell (Scholar), Patricia Andrew, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Arias: (a) How beautiful are the feet (Messiah), (b) O sleep, why dost thou leave me? (Semele), (c) Come, ever smiling liberty (Judas Maccabeus) (*Handel*)—Elizabeth Boyd (Scholar). Accompanist: Joyce Scowen (L.C.C. Scholar). Concerto for Oboe and Strings (with piano accompaniment) (*Cimarosa*) (arr. Benjamin)—Marian Attwood (Scholar). Accompanist: Catherine Shanks, A.R.C.M. (Caird Scholar). Aria: O mio Fernando (La Favorita) (*Donizetti*)—Beryl Craven, Accompanist: Patricia Andrew, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Organ Solo: Toccata and Fugue (The Wanderer) (*Perry*)—Edgar Landen (Bruce Scholar).

## WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th (Chamber)

String Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 3 (The Lark) (*Haydn*)—Alan Loveday (Macfarlane Scholar), Neville Marriner (Scholar), Louis Rose (Exhibitioner), Amaryllis Fleming (Hon. Associated Board Scholar). Three Preludes for Piano: (a) In B minor, Op. 32, No. 10, (b) In G major, Op. 32, No. 5, (c) In G sharp minor, Op. 32, No. 12 (*Rachmaninoff*)—Denis Holloway (Exhibitioner). String Quartet in F major (*Ravel*)—Neville Marriner (Scholar), Alan Loveday (Macfarlane Scholar), Louis Rose (Exhibitioner), Amaryllis Fleming (Hon. Associated Board Scholar).

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th (Chamber)

Serenade for Flute, Violin and Viola, Op. 25 (*Beethoven*)—Ronald Gillham, A.R.C.M. (Leverhulme Scholar), Sheila Osmond (Scholar), Mary Goodman, A.R.C.M. (Scholar). Arias: (a) Give, O give me back my Lord (St. Matthew Passion), (b) Mighty Lord and King all glorious (Christmas Oratorio) (*Bach*)—John Busbridge, A.R.C.M. (Scholar). Accompanist: Joyce Scowen (L.C.C. Scholar). Romance for Viola and Piano (*Benjamin Dale*)—Mary Goodman, A.R.C.M. (Scholar). Accompanist: Elizabeth Hopkins (Scholar). Songs: (a) Adieux de l'hôte arabe, (b) Pastorale (*Bizet*), (c) L'âne blanc (*Georges Hùe*)—Eileen McLoughlin (Exhibitioner). Accompanist: Patricia Andrew, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Sonata (*Ravel*)—Daphne Sandercock (Associated Board Scholar).

## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14th (Chamber)

Trio for Violin, Viola and Cello in G major, Op. 9, No. 1 (*Beethoven*)—Sheila Vine (L.C.C. Scholar), Mary Goodman, A.R.C.M. (Scholar), Anna Shuttleworth (Scholar). Songs: (a) Mamma (in Icelandic) (*Thorlason*), (b) Cielo e mar (La Gioconda) (*Ponchielli*)—Kjartan Sigurjonsson (British Council Scholar). Accompanist: Faith Rebbeck. Sonata for Violin and Piano (*César Franck*)—Haig Kouyoumdjian (Scholar), John Homer Lindsay (Scholar). Songs: (a) The Laughing Song (Die Fledermaus) (*Johann Strauss*), (b) Les filles de Cadix (*Debussy*)—Honor Trollope (L.C.C. Scholar). Accompanist: Patricia Andrew, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner).

## TUESDAY, MARCH 20th (The Second Orchestra)

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A major, K.468 (*Mozart*)—Anne Alderson (Associated Board Scholar). Symphony No. 3 in A minor (The Scotch) (*Mendelssohn*). Conductor: Richard Austin.

## THURSDAY, MARCH 29th (The First Orchestra)

Symphony in B minor (The Unfinished) (*Schubert*). Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (*Dvorak*)—Eileen Croxford, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner). Capriccio Espagnol (*Rimsky-Korsakoff*). Conductor: Basil Cameron.

## OPERA REPERTORY

An Opera Repertory performance was given in the Parry Theatre on Wednesday, March 21. Conductor: Mr. Hermann Grunebaum, Hon. R.C.M. Producer: Mr. Sumner Austin.

### 1. "HANSEL AND GRETEL": Act I (*Humperdinck*)

*Hansel*, Margaret Wortley; *Gretel*, Eileen McLoughlin; *Mother*, Josephine Fox; *Father*, Ivor Evans.

### 2. "SAMSON AND DELILAH": Act II, Scene 1 (*Saint-Saëns*)

*Delilah*, Monica Sinclair.

### "IL TROVATORE": Scene from Act I (*Verdi*)

*Countess Leonora*, Aileen Reid-Kelly; *Inez* (her companion), Josephine Fox.

### 4. "THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" (*Mozart*)

(a) Aria and Duet from Act III: *The Countess*, Grace Kidd; *Susanna*, Margaret Wortley.  
(b) Act IV: *Barbarina*, Eileen McLoughlin; *Marcellina*, Doreen Simmonds; *Figaro*, Ivor Evans; *The Countess*, Grace Kidd; *Susanna*, Margaret Wortley; *Cherubino*, Beryl Craven; *The Count*, John Frost; *Basilio*, Kjartan Sigurjónsson; *Antonio*, Eric Shilling.  
Pianists: Judith Gummer and George Berkovits.

## DRAMA

A performance by the pupils of the Dramatic Class was given in the Parry Theatre on Wednesday, January 24.

### "THE LATE MISS CORDELL"

A Play in One Act by Philip Johnson.

*Miss Simpson*, Beryl Engel; *Bessie*, Sybil Bell; *Mrs. Sidbury* (Jane), Alison Pepys; *Mrs. Woolbrook* (Rhoda), Beth Boyd; *Miss Bowd* (Harriet), Margaret Tiley.  
Produced by Joyce Wodeman.

### "APPLE-PIE ORDER"

A Costume Comedy by T. B. Morris.

*Hortense-Marie*, Peggy Hopkins; *Harriet-Theodosie*, Barbara Lewis; *Bastian*, Madeleine Dring; *Ysabeau*, Dawn Aveling; *Jehanne*, Margaret Bessell; *Melisande*, Elizabeth Rees; *Clemence-Olympe-Hippeastra*, Sheila Foster; *Alys*, Margaret Tiley.  
Produced by Doris Johnstone. Incidental music by Madeleine Dring.

### "LADIES IN RETIREMENT"

My Edward Percy and Reginald Denham.

*Lucy Gilham*, Peggy Atfield; *Leonora Fiske*, Pat Jolley; *Ellen Creed*, Madeleine Dring; *Albert Feather*, Peter Baker; *Louisa Creed*, Honor Trollope; *Emily Creed*, Eileen McLoughlin.  
Produced by Doris Johnstone.

## L.C.C. JUNIOR EXHIBITIONERS

The County Council Junior Exhibitioners gave their 70th concert on Wednesday, March 28. The solo pianists were Valerie Seagrove, Bernard Cohen, Pamela Hyde, Bridget Souper, Ian Houston, Jane Cowan, Alma Taylor, Janet Delahaye, Sheila Adams, Janet Jones, Gloria Flude, Betty Wood, Dorothy Holliday, Philip Wilkinson, Marion Belinfante, Michael Cohen, Jean Curtis, and Shirley Whittle. A cello solo was played by Pauline Scott. The Junior Choir sang, when the accompanists were: Piano, Ruth Lewis; flutes, Alan Clarke and Christopher Ely; cello, Maureen Lovell; conductor, B. Mundlak. The Senior Choir also sang, accompanied by Jean Curtis; conductor, M. Roberts.

## A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

APRIL, 1945

The following are the names of the successful candidates:—

### SECTION I. PIANOFORTE (Solo Performing)—

Burrows, Barbara Anne  
Lindsay, John Homer  
Malet, Sylvia Mary Fanshawe  
Williams, Betty Elvira



## SECTION II. PIANOFORTE (Teaching)—

Alderson, Anne Christine Mary Josephine

\*Burrow, Rosemary Blanche Kathleen

Sichel, Phyllis Marjorie

Vickery, Anne

## SECTION V. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (Solo Performing)—

*Violin*—

Clay, Laurence William

Piper, Kenneth George

*Violoncello*—

Robbins, Alexandra

## SECTION VI. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (Teaching)—

*Violin*—

Allsebrook, Ruth Mary

*Violoncello*—

Valentine, Mary

## SECTION VII. HARP (Solo Performing)—

St. John, Rosemary Innes

## SECTION VIII. WIND INSTRUMENTS (Solo Performing)—

*Oboe*—

Lyons, Haydn Désiré

## SECTION IX. SINGING (Solo Performing)—

Trollope, Honor Ruby Wade

\* Pass in Optional Harmony.

